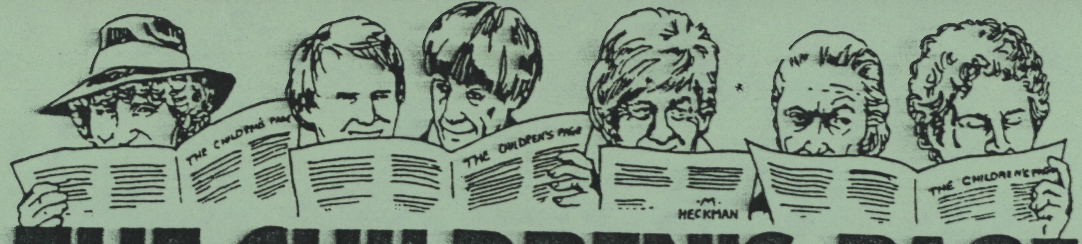

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Newsletter of the UnEarthly Children December 1987 - Volume 3 Issue 12

PARTY TIME - PARTY TIME - 8 8 8 8

SATURDAY, December 19 - 2pm 'til ?

POM LIZ BERG has issued the UEC an invitation to party at her home - - - An RSVP is requested so call Liz (215)638-2718 or Pat (215)364-1314 As per our usual custom, contributions of goodies are requested, so let them know what you are bringing when you call so we can round out the menu. Games and Contests will be played and VIDEOS (REALLY SPECIAL VIDEOS) will be shown. If you want to plan some of the festivities or make some suggestions please call Liz or Pat. They will give you directions when you call with your RSVP.

BLAKE'S 7 - 10th ANNIVERSARY

January 2, 1978 was the date of the first airing of Blake's 7 in Britain. The Prydonians of Prynceton are having a party on January 2, 1988 to celebrate this "galaxy-shaking event".
All Blake's 7 fans are cordially invited to join them at Linda Anne Lineaweaver's, 4D8 Arbor Green, Beverly, NJ. If you need directions, call Linda Anne at (609)877-3464. Party starts at 5pm and continue until it is over. Donations of goodies and soda will be gratefully accepted.

SYLVESTER McCOY ARRIVES IN AMERICA VIA PBS

"TIME AND THE RANI" THE FIRST EPISODE STARRING SYLVESTER McCOY AS THE SEVENTH DOCTOR IS ARRIVING IN EARLY JANUARY!!!!!!!!!!!

WHYY-Channel 12 in Philadelphia area - Friday, January 1 - 11:30 pm

NJN-Channel 23 & 52 in New Jersey - Saturday, January 9 - 9:30 pm to 11:30 pm - NJN was the first station to broadcast last years "Trial of a Time Lord" and thought they would also be the first station with the the new season, but apparently Lionheart is distributing only the first story to all stations which requested it and the rest of the seasons showing will be not be released until some time in March. This is also a fundraiser night for NJN; REMEMBER TO GIVE THEM YOUR SUPPORT ! NJN is also starting the evening with a rebroadcast of their special "Doctor Who: Then and Now" from 8pm tp 9:30pm.

WYNC-Channel 32 in New York - Tuesday, January 12 - Time not yet announced.

The UEC does not think it matters if a certain station is first, second, or third to broadcast the new season. What DOES matter is that these three stations are making a commitment to the continued broadcasting of Doctor Who. It is now up to us fans to make our commitments to the continued support of these PBS stations.

CLUB STUFF

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THE DOCTOR'S RETURN

by Joe Sewell

CHAP. 3 - THE FLEET LEADER

The central column began its oscillations as the Doctor, reunited with his "old girl," piloted the well-used vehicle toward the flagship of the Devastator Fleet. Andred, the Gallifreyan who had once married the Doctor's "savage" companion Leela, watched in awe as his "uncle" maneuvered the controls of the TARDIS. The viewscreen showed them moving toward the curiously glistening starship at the head of the fleet which had defeated the galaxy's greatest warrior race and the Sontarans' eternal enemies.

"Obviously three space fleets controlled by three megalomaniac races like the Daleks, Cybermen, and Sontarans must be controlled at a central point. I'm willing to bet that central point is in that ship. Well, let's pay the old chap a visit, shall we?" The Doctor's two companions made no attempt to disguise their concern, neither did they attempt to voice their differing opinion; when the Doctor gets in one of his "Let's-do-it,-shall-we?" moods there would be no talking him out of it.

The viewer closed as the TARDIS made its final approach. Instead of the smooth transition into materialization on one of the decks of the flagship, however, the control room lurched as the TARDIS exterior entered "some sort of temporal turbulence. How curious." With no further words the Doctor's hands once again twisted a dial here, flipped a switch there, his eyes constantly scanning the console registers. Andred and Romana under normal circumstances were quite able to assist their friend and husband and planetary hero; a constant struggle to keep oneself from colliding with a control room wall, though, is far from being included in anyone's list of "normal circumstances." The Doctor, on the other hand, somehow managed to remain standing as he made the final adjustments that allowed the TARDIS to pass through the turbulence and materialize inside the flagship. The center column lurched, remained almost undecisively at the top of its cycle for a moment, then settled down to its resting place in the hexagonal main console. Warning lights in the column and around the console began to blink off as the TARDIS stabilized itself, even as its three passengers stabilized themselves.

"We've landed."

"Husband, your way with words when stating the obvious is as underwhelming as always."

Romana was helped up from the floor by Andred as the Doctor operated the main door control. The doors opened and the Doctor stepped outside the TARDIS. He was greeted by dim though ample lighting illuminating a long hallway. The low thrum of the flagship's propulsion systems could be heard, even felt, through the walls and floor. Andred and Romana stepped out of the blue police box as the Doctor brushed his fingers over one of the hallway's walls, muttering to himself how "vaguely familiar" the setting was. "Andred, you take that passage," the Doctor ordered, pointing to a corridor opening off the main hall, "and Romana and I will take this way."

Andred began his trek down his path. He mused at how naturally

the Doctor still fit into adventure, and how ill at ease it made him. Even after Leela encouraged him to become involved with the Intervention Agency, the more active arm of Time Lord activity, even after he trained himself at the Academy, even after earning the title of Time Lord, even after avenging his slain wife, he still felt he would never become the bold vigilante of time and space that the Doctor had become. He paused for a moment, thinking about how easily his beloved Leela would fit into this situation ... he shook the thought out of his head. She was dead, killed at the hand of some unknown enemy, her body even taken away from him. No amount of tears, of pleading, of cursing whatever gods held sway in this universe, could bring her back. He steeled himself as he always had, letting his anger grow as he imagined beautiful Leela standing in front of him once again, her life being taken away by whatever lay at the end of the passageway he now carefully but determinedly strode through.

The young Time Lord finally came to the end of the hall, his continued passage blocked by a door. Trying to make as little noise as possible, he tried the latch; he wasn't surprised when it refused to turn. He took from a pocket a thick-barrelled instrument. Although the tool had been improved several times since his older friend had lost his own to the Terileptils, Andred assumed that a sonic screwdriver was still more than a match for even the most stubborn lock. He held the silver implement near the door latch and activated it. It took a few moments for the high-pitched sound waves to vibrate the lock into disengaging itself. He quickly pocketed the screwdriver, operated the latch, and carefully opened the door.

The room beyond the door was as dimly lit as the corridor he now left. Crouched low, Colonel Andred moved into the room. The room appeared empty, although the dim lighting could allow even the most massive of attackers to hide in the shadow of a corner. He stopped, silencing his lungs, intently listening to the room. The only sound he heard was the rhythm of his two hearts pounding blood into his temples. He slowly rose toward the end of the room opposite the door through which he entered. When he was but a few feet away from the wall he noticed the circular patterns embedded in it, just like ...

The thought was thrown from his mind as he spun on his heels. The door had quietly closed by itself. His mind raced through the possibilities. The breeze of air recirculation ... no, he could feel no air movement, hear no wind in the room. An automatic closure ... possible, he supposed, but there didn't seem to be enough resistance for that when he first opened it. Of course, there was always the possibility that someone else in the room closed it.

The sudden mechanical rasp behind him made him spin around and jump toward the door. When his eyes focused on the source of the noise, he beheld for the first time a Cyberman. He turned and ran for the door, but was stopped by another one, his hand closing painfully about his shoulder. Andred yelped at the pain. The first Cyberman raised his arm, prepared to end the Time Lord's most recent regeneration with the well-placed chop near the neck that Cybermen were notorious for. "Do not kill him," rang the voice inside their heads. "Bring him to me. You may render him unconscious, if you wish."

Andred saw the metallic arm raise again, then drop. After that, the lighting in the room seemed to dim all the more.

The corridor that the Doctor and his wife followed ended not in a dimly lit room hiding a Cyberman ambush. It instead terminated at the foot of stairs leading upward. The duo were about to begin their climb when a scream of pain drifted down the hall. Romana acted

immediately, racing back down the way they had come. The Doctor shouted after her, but she quickly disappeared in the low light. He furrowed his brow, then stoically turned and began his climb.

The sprightly Time Lady ran back to the intersection where she last saw Andred. Realizing the scream must have come from him, she turned and was about to continue her dash down the intersection when she heard something rolling toward her from the direction of the TARDIS. She bolted down the straight passageway, quickly looking back at the form of a Dalek coming after her, its voice grating the familiar, "Halt, or be ex-ter-mi-na-ted." Realizing she could never outrun the Dalek's blaster in the straight passage, she located a door located on one side and threw it open. The Dalek's blaster sizzled into the metal, but the barrier held.

The Dalek stopped at the door, aimed its blaster appendage at the charred section which took its first release, and fired again. The Dalek moved into the open jamb, eye stalk scanning the infra-red light that illuminated the entire surroundings quite brightly, if one is equipped to detect infra-red. Like the other room which had housed the Cyber-ambush, this cubicle was empty, although small enough to allow no place to hide. Convinced that the intruder had somehow escaped, the Dalek backed out of the door jamb, turned, and proceeded down the corridor, passing another door, this one ever-so-slightly opened. From behind it, Romana peered out the tiny crack and watched the Dalek move away from her. She opened the door, stepped out of the room, and closed it again, prepared to go back the way she had come and catch up with the Doctor. She was greeted, upon closing the door, by another Dalek, its weapon levelled at her mid-section. "You are an in-tru-der," the mechanical voice droned. "Intruders must be ex-ter-mi-na-ted." Romana closed her eyes tightly, not wanting to watch her belly blasted away by the creature, when she heard from inside the machine, "Do not kill her. Bring her to me."

"You will come with me. Obey. Obey the Daleks."

"You haven't changed a bit, have you?" Romana realized humor was completely wasted on such an emotionless being as the Daleks had become, but she took only the slightest comfort at her light remark. Arms raised, she turned and walked down the corridor toward the Dalek she had tricked before.

The Doctor had waited at the top of the stairs, hoping he would hear two pairs of feet quickly climbing after him. Instead he heard the smooth tones of one he thought he could not be hearing. "Welcome, Doctor. I wondered when you would show up. Please, let my ... escort ... guide you to my command central." The Doctor turned to look down the stairs from which he heard footfalls. Those footfalls, though, were too heavy for either Romana or Andred. He knew even before he could fully see the owner of those feet the nature of the voice's "escort." He quietly stood as the Sontaran appeared at the top of the stairs, motioning him onward.

The Doctor was "led" ("pushed would be the better word," he later commented) deeper into the flagship, here and there climbing stairs. "Almost as convoluted as my TARDIS ... and no wonder," he thought as he noticed the same circular pattern his fellow Time Lord had noticed earlier. He was commanded to stop while the burly Sontaran moved ahead of him and opened the door. From the other side of the entrance the brighter light shone into the dimly lit passage he and the Sontaran had been travelling. He was pulled into the room by the escort and left there with the pilot of the ship.

After hearing the familiar voice the Doctor was hardly surprised to see the control room of his enemy's TARDIS. Standing at the other

side of the central console was an equally familiar man. His appearance had changed, but the slight black beard and vile grin left no doubt in the Doctor's mind that, somehow, his oldest enemy had managed to find yet another body. "Getting into organizations now? Hardly your style," the Doctor quipped.

"I think you'll find many things are my 'style', Doctor," the master replied. He moved toward his fellow Time Lord, his eyes staring into the Doctor's own. The Doctor felt the entrancing gaze as usual, but he couldn't help noticing something distinctly different about the Master's eyes, about his movements, almost as though he were...

"You haven't remarked on the brilliancy of my latest endeavor, old friend. You must admit, it takes quite a bit of skill and wisdom to bring together such warriors as I now command. You must admit, it takes quite a bit of greatness in stratagem to enable my army to conquer their natural enemies. You must admit," continued the Master, his voice now lowered to an evil whisper, "it takes quite a bit of courage to plan an attack on Gallifrey itself."

"You're mad! You'd have to get through the force shields first. There is no possible way they'd let them down so you and your motley crew could just set down and take over."

"Ah, but they would let them down for the hero of Gallifrey."

"I would never let those shields down while you're in twelve parsecs of Gallifrey!"

"Ah, no, you wouldn't for me. You wouldn't for your own life. But the lives of your wife and friend..."

"You have no right!" fumed the Doctor.

"Rights, Doctor, are crutches for the weak. The strong man takes what he deserves."

"Just like you tried to take Logopolis? You deserved to have the entire universe collapse into a mass of chaos around you?" The Doctor didn't expect such minor taunting to bother the Master. For some reason, however, he could see his enemy's fist clench tight.

"If it weren't for your foolish meddling, I would have had the galaxy in my pocket! But you stopped me. Oh, I cost you one of your precious regenerations, but you stopped me." The Master whipped his hand out of his pocket, revealing the shrinking gun which was his trademark. He took aim at the Doctor and moved his finger toward the trigger mechanism. He quickly stopped, his eyes going blank, as though he were receiving orders from somewhere. The Master stayed like that for several seconds, then calmly lowered the weapon. "There are better ways to deal with you, old man. Your friends are through that door." He indicated a second entrance to the control room.

The Doctor opened the door, aware that the Master had once again raised his weapon and pointed it at the Doctor's back. "Enter, and see what awaits you," the renegade Time Lord sneered behind him.

Next Month: Chapter 4
<u>The Master's Secret</u>

Story (c) 1986 Joe Sewell
Melbourne, FL
Doctor Who and related material (c) 1986 BBC
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Previously printed in <u>Who's News</u> from Memphis, Tennessee.

FANZINE FANATICS WANTS YOU

(And Vice Versa)

Fanzine Fanatics is a self-ruling, separate club in a corner of the UEC Tardis. It is open to everyone in any local club. We want it to be a special treat we can do for all of fellow fans.

These are our commandments:

1. Our membership fee is either the donation of a zine ($10.00 or greater value) from Doctor Who, Blake's 7, Star Trek, or Star Trek the Next Generation (there will be zines on that sooner or later, probably sooner) or $10.00 one time (hopefully) fee. If however you have a very good zine from another part of the Sci Fi Universe please contact the "Fanatic-in-Chief" of our Confederation for its consideration.

2. You may take the zine for 1 (one) month (thats 4 weeks folks) at a cost of .50¢ per month. If you are a long distance member borrowing by mail feel free to keep the zine(s) for 6 weeks to include mailing time. Postage will be the responsibility of the member and sent back with the zine.

3. Zines will be returned on time! There is a surcharge of .75¢ per month for <u>every</u> late zine. This also applies to zines borrowed by mail. Since the Fanatics are paying the cost to mail the zine to you if the refund to the Confederation cash box does not come back with the zine the late fee will be applied to the refund.

4. The zines are the property of all of the fanatics. It is necessary for every zine to be returned in the same terrific condition which it left the Fanatic-in-Chiefs trusting hands. It the zine is damaged you will be responsible for it replacement (or repair, if possible). Please keep in mind there are not many fanzine repairmen in the Delaware Valley.

5. Please keep in mind some zines are adults and are even "X" Rated. You must provide proof of age. -Sorry Kids-

(Only 5 commandments since we're not a Supreme Being)

Fanzine Fanatics hopes to see you all. The zines will come to all the meetings. Since we're all fanatics this group needs your input we're small but we'll grow if you let us.

Any questions, comments, suggestions, requests please call or write Pat Betz (temporary Fanatic-in-Chief) or Liz Berg (Asylum Escapee) at 215-364-1314 (PB) or 215-638-7718 (LB) or write to UnEarthly Children, Attention: Fanzine Fanatics, PO Box 642, Richboro, PA 18964.

SCORPIO V WRITER'S PANEL - PART 2

This was taped by Pat and Dave, so you will be reading exactly what was said.

Question: I have a question for *you*, Terry.
Terry Nation: Yes.
Question: I've been curious about the surnames in Blake's 7. Was Blake named after the poet and Avon named after the river or the makeup company? (laughter) The second part of the question is were any or all of the original characters based on either actual people or other fictional characters?
Another question: An adjunct to that is how do you go about picking names? I find that difficult.
Terry: I have tremendous problems. I can get stuck... I know what the plot is doing and I know where to go, but I can't think of the guy's name. (laughter) I can sit there for a whole day. It's a really awkward time. So, Avon sounded good to me at that moment, it sounded good. ("Tarrant, out of thin air though.")
Terry: Absolutely. Blake ... I don't know where Blake came from, really. They said "what are you going to call this show?" And I said "Blake's 7" So, I don't know where it came from. Now, the second part of the question was ... ("Were they based on real or fictional people.")
Terry: No, in fairness I would say that I start out looking for, in this particular fictional case, how will the whole thing work, what sort of people do I *need* to make the show work? I need a computer guy. Okay now, what's he like? Okay computer, well, he's icy and cold. Okay, that's a *little* bit to start with. Good, physical character. So You've got Gan! That's how I think they were built. Having gotten these kind of ... needs right in my head, then you hope to put more flesh and blood on, finding their quirk's and their little kinks and go that way. But it's what you need in there to make your show work.
Richard Carpenter: It's alright to give that character an Achilles' heel.
Terry: Yes, that's right.
Richard: Because I'm more interested in human weaknesses than human strengths. That's why supermen just don't interest me at all. I prefer a character that has a lot of human weaknesses because I think that then the audience can associate very much closely, much more closely with a character that has a lot of weaknesses that they can relate to themselves. If a guy is invincible, enormously strong, beautiful ...
Terry: Kind of like myself you mean! (laughter)
Richard: We can't all be Terry Nation, you know. So that's interesting to have in a character. And in regards to names, I tend to try to find names, like Dickens, that describe the character. So I have a character called "Isaac Rag" and "Sir John Glutton". (laughter)
Question: How did you come up with Nasir's name in its entirety?
Richard: I went to an Arab friend and said "Can you give me a name that it would be impossible for Mark Ryan to say?" (Big laughter) (applause) And he said it! (Terry chuckles) And he went on for about ten minutes because there was son of ... and all that.
Terry: Yes. You've had your hand up for fifteen minutes!
Question: I have a few questions for the two of you. In "Macgiver", the first season, he breaks in to some place and there were these little creatures rolling around! Is that something you did?
Terry: No, I didn't do that one! I think it was a security building, wasn't it? You thought they looked rather like Daleks, didn't you? (laughter) I'm going to tell you, I had no part in that show and I didn't see it but a lot of people have mentioned it to me and I'm suing! (Richard laughs and the audience quickly joins in.)
Question: I have noticed this and I was wondering why do you think the majority of fans of Blake's 7 are women? (laughter)
Terry: Ah! Well, Paul Darrow... (Someone said "No, Michael Keating!")
Terry: It's funny you should say that, I think the bulk of fans of almost every show are women. This time, this is the first Scorpio where there's actually a very strong male presence! So I believe that women indeed make up fandom much more than the guys. The guys come later, you see. You're much smarter, you're much quicker obviously. (mild laughter) It's true, it's absolutely true! So I don't know why that is other than the fact that in Blake's 7 they do have some very good looking men in that show and I could see how women would be drawn. Now, I can't answer your question beyond that. Honestly I don't know but it is true that fandom is *mostly* women at the beginning.
Question: As an adjunct to that, science fiction fandom of which this started as a branch, it's completely the opposite. It's normally ninety five percent male.
Terry: It's all based on "Star Trek."
Question: There's a lot of books, too.
Terry: Yes, now. But in the beginning, it was a lot of little boys, very much younger kids who were into "Star Trek" and they

like to dress up in those costumes and run around and play soldiers. So I think that was a much more male-oriented but much *younger* group!

Question: No, I'm talking about mainstream science fiction as opposed to media science fiction.

Richard: Because it's books... ("Science fiction fandom has been around for decades.")

Richard: Yeah, it's been around for about forty years. And It is male oriented. I think it has become increasingly male oriented. In fact, media fandom has come up and split off from science fiction. People in media fandom have tended not to go along with mainstream science fiction fandom and I'm told science fiction fandom looks down on media fandom. And I think it is chauvinistic. It's a literary thing.

Question: What inspires you both to write, what fires your imagination?

Richard: It's an almost impossible question (Terry laughs) to answer.

Terry: Well, the check at the end of the week has always helped me... (major laughter and applause)

Richard: I was going to say that, but I thought that was a little bit cynical. We're professional working writers! It's a job of work. We have deadlines and we have to create. We are, fortunately or unfortunately, gifted with overactive imaginations. We can visualize. The difference between being a book writer and a script writer is that he's able to visualize everything very strongly. I don't know about Terry, but I actually see the film actually going (Terry says "That's right!") through ... you know!

Terry: Just with the typewriter you're copying down what you see!

Richard: That's right! Your saying "He moves that way...", "He jumps on the horse and off he goes." You see it in pictures and you see it happening which is why scripts are written in the present tense. It's not written in the past tense. It's much more immediate and happening. Where the imagination comes from, that's a *genes* thing! That goes back to your parents. (he laughs)

Terry: In benefiting again, you actually hit on it, this is what we do for a living. Like some people get up and make motor cars. In the morning, we get up and write scripts! And it is ... it's our job, it's our work. I guess we were lucky that we chose it. I feel eternally lucky! But I had the opportunity to become a writer. And I wouldn't want to be anything else in the world although there are moments when I hate the business! When the words don't come. And, I don't know, again about the inspiration, I know damn well, because you did your (Richard's) first thirteen hours and I did my first thirteen hours and it's one guy doing thirteen hours and think about that, that's a lot of pages, a lot of work, a lot of characters, a tremendous amount of work. Every day you have to go into that room and do it! Because there's a whole group of people out there waiting for you. This is where you call on your experience, everything you've learned over all the years that you've been writing, and we *do* rely on our own experiences many times! When the story's running out on you, you say "come on! You've got to get it! You've got to finish it!" Find your way out of that corner! Write half of the block and get there! It can be very tough. I'm sure at some point in that thirteen hours, you come to a point when you say "there are no more stories in the world! Forget it! There's nothing more I can tell! I've done it all and I'm going to call the producer and I'm going to say 'I'm out! I Quit! I can't do any more!'" Next morning, you're back in that room and you do it! Does that cover it?

Question: Basically that, and what about writer's block?

Terry: The writer's block is basically laziness.

Richard: Yeah, It's a myth. The "writer's block" is a myth. In fact, I deliberately create a block every time I write a story line, because I say if you've got the end of a story when you've started your story line, so has the audience. (Terry makes agreement noises.) And if you can get halfway through a story line and not know the hell how it's going to end, so will the audience! (Terry makes a mild, appreciative chuckle.) You've got a few days to find an end, they've got the next five minutes, so you are ahead of them, you've got that advantage. So you can keep them on tenterhooks. Just as you're on tenterhooks while you're creating that story line because you don't know where the hell it's going to come out! If you know where the hell it's going to come out, then usually so do the audience and therefore you have written a rather dull story because there's no *revelation* within it. When I get to that point, which is a self-imposed writer's block if you like, I start kicking the cat, throwing things at my wife, and eventually go to her like a small boy and say (in a feeble, high-pitched voice) "help me!" (appreciative laughter)

Terry: True. Absolutely true. I did a show in Blake's 7 called "Mission to destiny." Does anyone remember that one? ("Yes") They tended to call it the Agatha Christie of our series and I had what I thought a terrific opening scene, and that's all I had. I needed thirty pages. I didn't know until the end of the picture who the murderer was. Every time I turned the page, I was getting revelations, too. So I was quite excited about this. In solving that mystery, solving "who could possibly have it?" was fun, so that was my only relief!

***** Coming up in next month's installment: The Master Writer's Panel's Secret (just joking)

Disposition !

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Keywords: TRACKERS GERROLD
MINISERIES

The latest information of TRACKERS,
David Gerrolds proposed SF
mini-series/series to Columbia/CBS.
Read, enjoy and share it with all
your friends.

Disposition !REA

#: 145396 S6/SF/F in TV/Movies
09-Oct-87 22:40:56
Sb: TRACKERS
Fm: David Gerrold 70307,544
To: All

All right, here's some NEWS!

The bible and outline for TRACKERS was completed this week and turned in to CBS and Columbia Pictures this morning. (Friday.) TRACKERS is a 4-hour SF mini-series. If successful, it will become a weekly (big budget) SF TV series on CBS.

Executive Producer on the series is Daron J. Thomas. Writer/Producer is Da[redacted] Gerrold. (No other names can be announced at this time; we are in touch wi[redacted] several very good people who want to join the staff of the show, but until contracts are signed, we can't announce who.)

The mini-series is about the collapse of an interstellar Regency (not quite a galactic empire) and the attempt by thirteen worlds to create a new "Covenant of Justice." The main characters in the story are: Star-Captain Neena Linn-Campbell (of Asian descent, she has a terrible temper) of the starship, LADY MACBETH -- a unregistered freebooter. First Officer of the vessel is a LIX-class bio-form named Ota. Ota has no gender, is neither male nor female and resents all questions about its sexuality. Ota was created from the genes of several Terran species, including pack rats, pandas, and lord knows what else.

Travelling aboard THE LADY MACBETH is the Honorable Reverend Doctor Godfrey Daniels Mertz, also known as "Harry". Harry is a travelling circuit court judge. In the series, Star-Captain Campbell will have a contract to ferry Harry around the worlds of The Cluster (all this takes place in a tightly packed globular cluster of several hundred million stars, about fifty thousand light years above our galaxy) where he will hear cases as well as invite other worlds to join the Covenant. Due to the Einstein time dilation effect, several hibernations and three rejuvenations, Harry is the oldest human being in the universe. He has a very eccentric view of life.

In Harry's employ are two trackers -- private investigators, enforcers, bounty hunters, whatever the job demands -- named Sawyer and Finn Markham. They are brothers. Finn is 7 years older than Sawyer. Sawyer is clever, witty, and something of a dandy. Finn is big, burly, and very thoughtful. He regrets that he missed a proper education and has an intense curiosity about everything in the universe; he is self-taught.

Also aboard the starship are a diverse crew of oddballs and oddities; including an android female operations manager (no relation to Data); a high-gravity dwarf Chief Engineer; a robot; a warrior-lizard; a bunnydog; and a six-pack of clones.

In the 4-hour mini-series; we see how our main characters (Sawyer; Finn; Campbell; Harry; and Ota) become involved with each other. The first time we meet them; they are all in the same prison -- each for different crimes. Captain Campbell has inadvertently insulted a high lady aristocrat. Harry has refused to sign an illegal Regency order. Sawyer and Finn have been captured by the slave-trader they were tracking and sold to a local tyrant who needs to hire a couple of assassins. And so on. It is here that we discover that a Cluster-wide rebellion is brewing and we see how our heroes are irretrievably drawn into a revolution they have no intention of supporting. The story is partly about how our heroes begin the process of growing up and accepting the responsibilities of being intelligent sapient beings in a difficult universe.

This is the week that CBS has to make the decision whether or not to authorize this show for production or to postpone that decision until after the script is finished. They have been given an 80-page bible; and a 105-page outline. The outline is so detailed; scene for scene; it even includes large sections of dialog. Several people who've read the outline have had their socks knocked off; remarking that it may be the best thing I've written yet (including my novels). (I immodest enough to admit that I'm very very proud of this story.)

If you'd like to see TRACKERS put into production; you can help by writing to:

Kim LeMasters
Senior VP; Programming
CBS-TV
7800 Beverly Blvd.
Los Angeles; CA 90069

Tell him you've heard about this show; you can mention that you heard about it on Compuserve; and that you hope to see it on CBS next fall.

Please pass this information on to other fans. You may reprint it in fanzines. You are especially requested to upload this to other bulletin boards. (We have a bet with Kim LeMasters about how much fans care about SF on TV. He doesn't think too many people will write letters. We think if we can get the word out; we can prove to him that there is a very large audience out there for this show.) CBS is very interested in this project (partly because of the great ratings success of TREK. Your help will not only be appreciated; it will be repaid with the best show we can do.

Thanks.

David Gerrold

Press <CR> to continue !

[75766,2342]
TRAKRS.TXT 10-Oct-87 5075
Accesses: 79

CONVENTION DATES

DSY ONE - January 29--31 SOLD OUT
Any members attending please let Pat or Dave know you will be there and please try to volunteer for the CON SUITE

STARLOG SALUTES STAR WARS - January 1-3, 1988 -Penta Hotel, 33 & 7 Ave, NY
This info obtained from STARLOG MAGAZINE and is presented by Creation Conventions. Call Creation at (516) SHOWMAN or send 22c stamp to CREATION, 145 Jericho Trpk, Minneola, NY 115501

ODE TO THE TIME LORD AND MASTER - January 9-10 -Washington, DC
Call (703)899-4035 for recorded message or write to NRTT, Box 90802. Washington, DC
See complete brochure in November newsletter or call Dorrie, (215)357-7245

CREATION CONVENTIONS PRESENT SYLVESTER McCOY - February 27-28 - NEW YORK
PENTA HOTEL 33rd & 7th Ave-Tickets will be available thru Ticketron and thru Creation: see above!

RELAXICON - MAY 1, 1988 -Trenton, NJ -War Memorial Building
Scheduled Guest is Sophie Aldred, the new companion, Ace, pending filming schedule. See January newsletter for complete article regarding this Doctor Who con.

FURTHER CONVENTION INFO CAN BE OBTAINED FROM DAVE (609) 883-8613 OR PAT (215) 364-1314

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